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POETIC

-AND-

PROSE WRITINGS,

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HENRY GODDARD,

PORTLAND, ME



AFEW

OF THE VERY MANY

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

IN

POETRY AND PROSE,

WRITTEN BY HENRY GODDARD,

DURING THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

PORTLAND:
PRESS OF B. THURSTON AND COMPANY.
1866.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

To HENRY GODDARD, Esq.

My Excellent Friend,—Allow me to congratulate you, not only for myself, but for others, that you have at last made up your mind to publish that noble poem, enlarged and completed, which I had the pleasure of reading some years ago in manuscript.

And if you will add to it some of the prose writings which have appeared among us from time to time, with the signature of "H. G." or "G," I think you may depend upon a hearty welcome.

Such writings are wanted now. The poem of itself would make its way, at any time and in any age, by its own momentum, though far from being beary; and by the simplicity and strength which characterize it; and the prose articles only need to be brought before us in a new shape to engage our serious attention; especially that which you have called "A Brief Political Creed."

Having been personally acquainted with you for about half a century, and having known of your family, when your father so distinguished himself from the office seekers of the land, by refusing the position of a Senator of the United States, after he had been appointed; and your admirable wife, from the time of her marriage up to her death, and all your children,—you cannot wonder that I should feel a deep interest in whatever you may undertake at your age—you are now in your eighty-second year, I believe—regarding it as a legacy for coming generations.

I am, dear sir, your friend

and brother in Christ,

JOHN NEAL.

PORTLAND, Nov. 21, 1866.

^{*}Hon, John Goddard of Portsmouth, N. H., always a leading man there in matters of statesmanship and public policy

The foregoing warm-hearted epistle from a friend with whom a personal acquaintance commenced in 1810, and whose fame as a writer, both in poetry and prose, and as a public speaker, has been too long and too widely known, both in this country and in England, to need comment from me, recommends in addition to the publication of the poem on "Earth's Destiny-Its Closing Scenes"-to which he prominently refers-that the writer should add prose articles which have borne the signature of G. and H. G. These, through more than a past generation, have been numerous and miscellaneous, and together with such as have been annonymous, would form a volume. They have been upon any and most of the subjects of public interest as they have successively transpired; are chiefly political; and in a good degree would serve to bind together as links in the chain, our political, and in some degree, for a long period, our national history; but as it would require much time usefully to shape them to the wants of the present hour, he will add but one of the latter - a speech addressed to a crowded audience of both sexes, in a Trinitarian Church on the eve of the second election of President Jackson - with a word from the aged to the present ruling party in our land; or, a brief political creed, which closes a pamphlet of some forty pages. It comprises:

Earth's Final Destiny - Its closing scenes.

Speech at second election of President Jackson.

Thoughts on Happiness - in verse.

Report of proceedings of two of the earliest public meetings contemplating the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad,

Missionary Hymn on receiving interesting news from China.

Hymn on a supposed strain of the hymn sung by our Savior and his disciples before going for the last time to the Mount of Olives.

Encomium on the Mechanics' Association of Portland.

Brief Poem at request of an adult grandson.

A word from the Aged.

H. G.

EARTH'S FINAL DESTINY:

ITS CLOSING SCENES.

An Essay of Imagination, with Revelation in View.

SYNOPSIS OF CONTENTS.

The Earth must perish—the decree is signed!
The Time, a secret in the Eternal Mind.
Th' approaching hour its heralds shall declare;
The roar of thunder, and the lightning's glare!
Earth's magazines in wild explosion rise,
Out peal "the grand artillery of the skies"—
Whirlwind and flame their fearful power unite,
In prompt obedience to the God of Might.
The ocean hears—and, rushing from the strand,
Returns to pour its fury on the land—
The opening vail, in awful contrast shows
The realm of Glory—the abyss of woes.

DESCRIPTION.

A calm, bright morning, and a moonlit eve,
Form one day more Jehovah deigns to give;
The birds, the spheres, their several anthems sing,
In wonted praises to Creation's King.
All nature smiles — nor whispers aught of change—
Through field and wood their joyous tenants range;
Observing man sees naught to cause alarm,—
No sign of tempest sleeping in the calm;
But paints the morrow beauteous as to-day:
Glad, like all else, but adds no grateful lay.

To-morrow comes! its sun seems loth to rise—
Contending winds howl through the dreary skies—
Portentous omens mark the appointed time,
When nature's dirge the elements shall chime!
O'er the wide earth, dark, lowering vapors form,
Now fast converging for the final storm.
Convolving clouds in deepening blackness roll—
Thunder and tempest rage from pole to pole.
The spring-tide fields an autumn garb assume,
Nor mock their own, and nature's fall, with bloom—
The trees stripped leafless, ne'er to bud again,

But spread their ashes o'er the grave of men.

Earth's famed volcanoes wear their craters wide

With the vast volume of their molten tide:

From chasms fresh opening, and with louder roar,

Exhanstless cataracts unnumbered pour—

Earth's immost fires no more their prison keep—

Burst through the sea! upheave the boiling deep!

The feverish earth drinks in each river's flood:

With fearful throes then casts them all abroad:—

Ocean recoiling, leaves its caverns dry—

Its upthrown depths, returning, sweep the sky.

Instinct suspects — man comprehends the scene— For conscience roused, has turned its glance within.

Carnivorous tribes no more can danger brave,
But leave their prey, and seek themselves to save.
The lion, trembling, shrinks into his lair—
The eagle, cowering, shrieks a note of fear—
The serpent waits no more the bird to charm;
His quickened windings speak his first alarm—
Ocean's proud monarch now forgets his pride;
Deep in the abyss, Leviathan would hide;
But frantic Ocean no protection shows;

Nor for himself finds safety nor repose—
Mixed with his foam the war ship's fragments toss—
Its last defender sinks a lifeless corse—
The ships of commerce meet a kindred doom,
Swept of their tenants to a billowy tomb.
No ark, as once, a remnant to embrace—
No mount of safety for its resting place—
No floating mansion lingers on the deep—
The sons of Ocean sleep their final sleep.
Landmen remain, a tardier death to meet—
Not sea, but flame prepares their winding sheet.

Now prostrate forests pave the whirlwind's path—
The swifter lightning bears Jehovah's wrath;
Kindles the wide-spread mass to seas of flame—
Stamps on their dust the terrors of His name.
The valleys rise, as conscions of the day—
Mountains and hills make haste to flee away—
The rocks—earth's outguards—trembling at their post,

Resist no more, but join the routed host,
Now rent to fragments—or in fusion lost.
Tornado, tempest, hold alternate sway—
Thunder and earthquake close the dire array.

The astonished Sun looks, and averts his light—While the pale Moon turns paler with affright—Shrouded, they cast no ray upon the gloom, Leaving Earth's fires to light her to her tomb.

Now darkness, ten-fold dark, the earth o'erspreads, Veiling from man the world on which he treads— Pale, lurid meteors make each horror seen: Naught in creation's realm has power to screen.

Nature dissolves—her last grand scene is near—All passion, else, is dead, and life is fear!

The fires are seen — the winds are heard, no more—
The shrinking sea has ceased to shake the shore—
Volcanoes hush —the exhausted earthquakes sleep—
Earth's clouds of smoke are scattered o'er the deep—
A calm prevails — the restless tides are still—
Destruction pauses at its Author's will!

Lo! a new light of more than solar ray!

The Power that lit the Sun, now pours the day!

Still o'er the scene a deep, dead silence reigns—

Man's heart-streams dry, or freezing in his veins.

But hark! The archangel's trump the silence breaks!

The Earth convulsing, to her center, quakes!

Swift in her orbit now she meets the blast!

Thrown quivering back, she stands, like man, aghast!

A voice—the Eternal's—rends the tottering Earth—

Brings her last labor to the hour of birth—

Calls to the Grave—Death's outpoured myriads

range!

While all yet living, in a twinkling change!

Now to be judged, these hosts on hosts are brought.

With joy or woe, transcending speech or thought,—

Clouds, like a curtain, all the heavens concealing,

Slowly withdraw—in silent awe revealing

The Throne—the Enthroned—His guards in circling rank!

Conception here must fill the awful blank!-

The judgment closed—the assembled legions risen, To share and swell the unuttered bliss of Heaven: Soaring in robes of white, on scraph wing, From blood-washed throngs, full Hallelujahs ring—Glory to God, the Bethlehem note prolong, In full fruition of Celestial song:—Or, woe alike unuttered, gone to dwell Where raging passions fan the flames of hell—

Where, too, unpardoned sin in vain may try God's omnipresent, withering glance to fly—Despair, sole monarch, rules with iron might—And hope expires in everlasting night.

And here I pause — where inspiration glowing Shows a new Earth, with righteousness inflowing. The old, in rains, hasting to decay,—
Proceed my muse, an outline to portray;
And since we read not of Earth renovate,
Trace to her grave our world thus desolate.

Now at command the elements rush forth
To fiercer havoe of defenceless Earth:
Waters contest the victor's palm with Fire;
This shows his mandate, and the seas retire.
Thus far the vigorous germs of earthquake lie,
Deep, (but not central) shaking earth and sky:
But closed within this outer globe of earth.
A world of fire had its primeval birth—
Asbestos walls surround this burning sea,
Till the last fiat set the prisoner free:
Then conflagration sweeps its outward way;
Earth's vitals now become an easy prey;
Back from the heart her watery fluids rush,

Through countless veins the liquid currents gush; From clefts above her boiling fountains pour, Leap from their cauldrons, and return no more. Now, mighty streams no more the deep supply, But yield their tribute to the fervid sky; Their all ascends — the mightier flame pursues, Dyeing the azure vault in fiery lines— O'er wasted Earth a scarlet pall unfurls— A moral beacon to surrounding worlds! Now instinct's myriad tribes in dust are lain; And death, himself, the last dread conqueror, slain: The melting skies no more allay their thirst— Where once were seas, is naught but scorching dust: Ocean itself has sunk — or fled in air— From naught derived, they all to naught repair-Earth, now a crumbling wreck, (destruction done), Her dross and ashes rushing to the Sun! Th' o'erhanging firmament, without a base, Flies off, collapsed; a scroll-wrapt cloud in space!

Time, with its partner Earth, has ceased to be—
Probation's Term, lost in Eternity!

My soul, prepare — ere life's swift hours be flown—
Oh! make the Savior's righteousness thine own!

SPEECH.

Made on the eve of the second election of President Jackson, to a crowded audience of both sexes, in the Second Parish Church, Portland.

MR. CHAIRMAN:

As my course of remarks will not consume much time, I hope I shall be allowed a brief introduction.

This is the first time after fifteen years residence, that I have attended a general political meeting in Portland.

I have uniformly avoided all temptation to engage in public life.

I desire no office in the gift of the people or their rulers. I am, however, one of the people of the United States, and in common with every other citizen I have an interest in our constitutional rights; and Sir,

I live to see, what probably no one present ever expected to see in this generation—these rights

wrested from us, trampled on, by Executive power. Yes Sir, that officer in this government, who is bound to protect our rights, and to promote our interests, has seized upon the one, and is sacrificing the other; and says he is determined, in spite of petition or remonstrance, to persevere in his experiment thus forcibly made.

He first arrayed himself against the will of the people as expressed by both Houses of Congress in vetoing a re-charter of the National Bank.

Here, Sir, he commenced a dictation to his own party, while assuming undelegated power as President of the nation; leaving his electors to follow him. or not, as they pleased; and ready as were most of the party to brook it, he insulted them in doing so.

His next step was to procure the appointment of a Committee of Congress to examine the affairs of the Bank. A majority of this committee were friends of the President, and opposed to the Bank, and reported under the influence of such feelings—the chairman of which committee afterward, however, had the magnanimity publicly to confess that he acted under the influence of what he now saw was unfounded prejudice.

Notwithstanding the coloring which this prejudice must have given to the report of the committee, both Houses again, (and that by no small majority), voted in favor of the Bank, and that the deposits were safe in its vaults, where by covenant they belonged.

Here, Sir, in contempt both of the rights of the Bank and of the people, and of the wish of a majority of the people, as far as he had a right to presume on a knowledge of their wish, the President, by act and by word, assumed the responsibility of taking the the deposits from the Bank, (removing the Secretary of the Treasury who remonstrated, and appointing another for the purpose); and this within a short period of a session of Congress, scattering the amount where he pleased.

President Jackson is therefore now the sole Lord of the Treasury, by right, Sir, of force—and without giving any security—and the House of Representatives are waiting for the returns of town and city votes throughout the land, before they decide whether it is best to establish the usurper in absolute power, or resume their own or their country's rights—and thorough-going partisans would take cause for effect.

and transfer the direct and inevitable consequence of the act of the President, as a charge against the Bank; reproaching the Bank for curtailing discounts, and at the same time watching to break it down, if it does not.

Here, Sir, is a specimen of the consistency of the President of the United States. And if the party which elected him approve, or even tolerate this assumption of power, the question with them should henceforth be, not whether the President represents democratic principles, but do democratic principles represent the passions and caprice of their President; if not, they should see that their principles are shaped to the caprices of his will—which is henceforth to be their law—for surely no Executive has ever done so much to weaken the force of previously established laws.

Mr. Chairman, I believe we are the first people on the face of the earth, who, under any form of government, have felt the *first* evidence of the loss of their rights, in the destruction of their *employment*, and the decline of their proverty.

Sir, I am much within bounds when I say that the

twenty millions of dollars, directly taken from the Bank, and the greater sum taken as a consequence from the circulation of private banks, has injured the country more than to annihilate fifty millions of dollars; if that sum could have been assessed and taken from the people in any other form than in their currency, which is the price of all property, and the lifeblood of our pecuniary prosperity.

Under any other form of government, the people thus circumstanced would at once reassume their rights, and drive off the invader by force.

In a republic, or what should be a republic, we must wait to express our will by our votes: if we do not as much as *this*, we shall provoke the very stones to cry out.

It has been aptly said, Sir, in another place, that we are treading on a volcano—and I add, Sir, a volcano whose crater will circumscribe our whole land—a human hand, the hand of the Executive, has applied a torch to its combustible materials—as a consequence of this act, the unholy passions of one portion of the community are excited and arrayed against the prosperity of the whole.

The fire in our political earth is spreading. We hear the rumbling, we feel the trembling; streaks of flame from below meet flashes from above; and if party pride and obstinacy on the side of the supporters of absolute power, do not soon yield to higher considerations of country, and if public sentiment be not speedily united, and poured as a cataract upon this subterraneous fire, (even if it drown the incendiary), this volcano will burst forth, and our republic he forever lost in the ruins.

Let, therefore, every freeman, and every one who wills to be free, assemble to-morrow at the polls, and by his vote repeat the sentiment that both our civil and political existence, as well as our pecuniary interests, are at stake, and depend on the coming elections in our land—and that our vote to-morrow will be the voice of Portland.

But, Sir, I would not forget, and the sacredness of this place serves to remind me, that as a professed Christian nation we have a duty to perform beyond that of giving every man his vote in favor of the friends of a republic, and of our constitution, for our municipal officers.

We should practically remember that there is a Power above man, and above all other instrumentalities; that He is not confined to famine or pestilence, fire or flood, or the sword of a foreign enemy, as instruments of chastisement against a guilty nation. He can take their rulers as rods wherewith to scourge them and to execute his purposes, though they mean not so, but only the gratification of their own will. Is it improper, then, to add upon this occasion, that we should look to that Power for such an influence as shall humble the oppressor before Him, and before his much abused country: and though he can never atone for the injury already done to our constitution and laws, any more than for the sacrifice of our employment and our property, yet that he may, by a surrender of his assumed power, prevent a continuance and increase of the evils already produced; and that those branches of government, whose duty it is, shall at once unite against despotism, and leave the tyrant unsupported to the then impotence of his will.

To-night we speak and hear, to-morrow we act. Let it be in unanimous accordance with the spirit of our utterance here.

THOUHGTS ON HAPPINESS.

WRITTEN IN 1826, AT AN EARLY PERIOD OF BUSINESS LIFE.

Musing on themes like man, (and time, and earth), And for what end his Maker gave him birth, Thence glancing o'er this busy stage, the world, As honors prompt pursuit, or power, or gold,— In all his paths to pleasure, wealth, or fame, Deceived of or in his darling aim; Nor wisdom learns, nor upward looks for light, Nor doubts that what all seek, is sought aright.

See one man worshipping his goddess, fame; His summum bonum, an exalted name; This sure possession of his nightly dreams, This ignis fatuus of his daily schemes, First, in a morass, leads his eager stride; Then mocks his vision on a mountain's side;

If yet pursued, it still eludes his care; Or if he *grasp* it, finds it only air.

See here, one miss the object of his toils;

Some unforeseen event his judgment foils;

Once known for thrift, and diligence, and pains;

Now, rash adventurer with another's gains:

The poor man learns, since he has failed of pelf,

The world commends when one does well for self.

Another strives for wealth, — nor strives for naught;

A youth of toil has needed habits taught;

With strength and skill his little barque to guide
In pleasure's eddy — never in its tide,—

Freighted each way, as up or down he plies,
Meets fashion's fleet, and all their wants supplies:
His gains he vests in wharf, or house, or block;
Observing neighbors too can count his stock:
He perseveres — nor heeds a rival's frown:
A street receives his name — perhaps a town:
His heart now asks, (for wealth the heart can lift),
Is not this Babylon that I have built?—
Is this man happy? No—he sighs for more:
Dependants, wants, increase beyond his store,—

Restless, more wealth he asks; nor this alone; He wants, he knows not what, and can not own He needs a crop where he has never sown.

See that one change his purpose or his track,
As transient joys have left him on the rack:
He's found, thus far, with every rose, a thorn;
But memory sleeps, and other hopes are born;
And running still the visionary race
For happiness—he falls, while full in chase.

Thus man, by nature lives, and thus he dies,
Unless by faith he seek a nobler prize:
Then bubbles burst, and phantoms disappear;
Earth now recedes, and heavenly scenes draw near;
Glories now shine, as contemplations soar,
Which now he wonders never gleamed before:
Time now no longer fills eternal space,—
Even temporal comforts take a second place;
Now great things seem like great; and small, like small;

And God and Christ become his all in all.

What subject then, my muse, if write you must, Would you select to profit fellow dust?

The *Christian's* life, as witnessed in his end;—
My theme, the dying Christian to his friend—
Hear, then, his accents as he breathes his last;
"His heaven commencing ere the world be past."

In Bunyan's land of Beulah, I reside,
Which Jordan washes with its varying tide:
Beulah, the happy land on Jordan's shore:
Its air delightful, and its prospect more;
Jordan, which once a cold, dark torrent poured,
As seen through guilty fears, while far from God.
Seems gliding now its gently sloping way,
Warm and transparent in celestial day;
Approaching still, its waters still retreat,
Till but a rill it laves the pilgrim's feet:
Just on the brink in blissful thought I stand,
Whence but a step will reach the promised land.

Now, full in view, the heavenly city shines:
Its glories beam on my curaptured mind;
Its breezes cool my fever's kindling flame,
And waft its odors to my fainting frame;
Seraphic music greets my listening ear,
And heaven's pure spirit breathes a heaven here;

That God, who once a fixed star was seen, Thro' this dark atmosphere of self and sin, Advancing since, my atmosphere has eleared; And shown the standard which my Saviour reared: Approaching still, the hemisphere he fills;— With light and life, o'erpowering human ills: Afflictions trying furnace have I passed, Sereened by my Saviour, from its burning blast: Not scorched, but purified, triumphant see My joys, by contrast, raised to eestacy: Myself, an insect floating on the flood Of solar rays, I seem; my fountain, God. Unutterable wonder fills my soul, That round a worm like me such glories roll: One heart is now incompetent to feel— One mind, to think,—one tongue, my thoughts reveal;-

One heart, each separate emotion claims,—
One tongue to speak it, leaves no choice of names.
But why so much with self your utterance task?
Of God and Christ so little do you ask?
It is, because, if language ean't portray
The gifts,—what of the Giver can it say?

God's will, perfected reason now appears, (And heaven's clear light forbids delusive fears:) My will, absorbed in His, has heaven attained; (When self is lost, transcendent bliss is gained;) Glory and love and joy my cup o'erflow; Another drop, all earth cannot bestow. My dearest, thrice dear sister would you know Of heaven, what even to me is known below? Strive, watch, and pray, a few days more on earth, Fruition, then, will seal your heavenly birth: Your risen, happy brother will you meet, And east your crown with him at Jesus' feet: There, thought enlarged, exalted utterance finds, Nor speech, angelic, lack angelic minds; Celestial songs, celestial voices raise, And heaven's wide concave sounds Jehovah's praise.

GREAT RAILROAD MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1845.

After the hottest day, and on the hottest night of this or the past season, the citizens of Portland met again by adjournment from Friday evening. The hall was crowded. The Chairman on that evening being absent from the city, Joseph Adams, Esq., was chosen Chairman; but being absent at the moment. Henry H. Boody, Esq., was elected to fill the place; Henry Goddard, Secretary from adjournment.

The meeting was first ably addressed by John Appleton, Esq., who previously had the floor.

The Rev. As Cummings was then called on, who for reasons assigned, declined making a speech, but offered some remarks with his accustomed directness and point; after which, presenting the resolutions

which follow, they were adopted nem con, and ordered to be published.

Resolved. That the Provisional Committee, first—and next, the gentlemen named in the act establishing the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad—by the wisdom which has marked their entire proceedings, their sleepless vigilance, which looked east, west, north, and south, to catch every propitious gale, and to frustrate the execution of plans designed to defeat the enterprise; by their excessive and protracted toil, mentally and bodily; by spreading before the community facts and estimates, to enable all concerned to form an intelligent opinion of the practicability and probable advantages of the contemplated work; and, finally, by their recent strongly fortified and convincing appeal to the citizens of Portland—have faithfully discharged their trust, and richly earned the gratitude of this community: and should the enterprise fail, they must, now and always, stand exonerated from blame.

Resolved. That the point has now been reached, at which the responsibility passes from the Committee and Corporators to the public at large—but specially and emphatically on the citizens of Portland, who, by swelling the subscription, understood to have been nobly commenced by the Committee, to 10,000 shares, may in their turn, be expected from the blame of a failure, and secure for

themselves and their children, and children's children, an inestimable boon.

Resolved, That when the subscription books shall be opened, the citizens of Portland must not be found wanting;—that the crisis will allow of no flinching or evasion—that every citizen should come up to the work, make it a common cause, and help it forward to the extent of his ability.

Mr. Goddard was then called for, who, after a few prefatory remarks, occupied his time in offering a response on the part of a Citizen, to the late address of the Railroad Committee to the citizens, which was adopted as the general response of the citizens of Portland to the address of the Committee, to be published in such papers as had not previously published the response in its private capacity.

RESPONSE TO THE ADDRESS OF THE COMMITTEE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE.—Your seasonable and pertinent Address to the Citizens of Portland, and to the State of Maine, is before us, and has been read with lively interest. The time has come, when as you say, we are called upon individually to aid an

enterprise which has for months occupied the public attention, and your own.

The great project of connecting the Atlantic at Portland, with the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, by railroad, is at length brought to that point of maturity, that we, the citizens of Portland, must decide whether it shall be carried into practical effect, or whether it shall be abandoned—for its accomplishment or defeat does depend upon ourselves.

The Government of our State, with a unanimity nuprecedented, has granted what we asked—a liberal and unequalled charter.

The Government of the Canadas, at the request of the citizens of Montreal and Quebec, has responded to our call, and in express terms connected the Maine charter with their own.

Efforts to prevent this union have been powerful, but unsuccessful. Misrepresentation has been busy; detraction, ridicule, and contumely, have been freely poured from the press of neighboring rival States upon our agents in Canada, and upon the friends of the measure throughout the State—our presumption, kindly reproved—our poverty, feelingly enlarged

upon — and our down-east insignificance, pointedly sneered at.

Shall it be, you ask, that after every preliminary movement toward this great object, notwithstanding all opposition, has been so signally crowned with success, that the *means* for its accomplishment shall be withheld?

We say, No. We will not render the wisdom, energy, and untiring labor of our Committee of none effect, nor leave their pledges for us unredcemed. The project is a mighty one—its effects, when completed, upon our city, and upon our State too, it is believed, will exceed all which has yet been expressed. Realities have exceeded all expectations in all the past enterprises of minor magnitude in a sister State; and is this enterprise, in which great National, as well as State interests, are so intimately connected, and will be subserved, to be the first to fail? It cannot be. The conception of the project was a great one! The approving smile of Divine Providence, at every stage of the labors of our agents and ourselves, has been most expressive and cheering! Great as is the work before us, it is not near so great to complete, as it has

been to conceive, to commence, and to advance as far as we have already gone. In continued reliance, then, upon Almighty God, and in the spirit of the resolutions adopted at our last meeting, we will, as a community, individually assess ourselves in the necessary ratio of our individual property, whether this ratio be a tenth, an eighth, or even a quarter; and the more as far as we are owners of real estate. Rarely, it is believed, will the spirited or diligent, whether owning property or not, fail to do something.

We are further encouraged to do this, not only by exemption from taxation, but by the premium offered, in the grand condition that the stock shall be at interest, as you have set forth, as well as by the other wise provisions on the subject.

The enterprise is also distinguished from many others of a public nature, in the fact that such will be its rapid tendencies to promote population, and the comforts and welfare of increasing population, and also especially to enlarge and cement the social and Christian feeling of the two great national communities, that every stockholder may rationally expect to derive such satisfaction from this investment of his

property as he has never experienced before—tending further, as the enterprise when completed must, to help forward all the exclusively philanthropic undertakings of the day.

If, as we are unwilling to believe, any capitalist shall be found among us, who, while his property is to be advanced incomparably more than that of others, shall so annihilate his own self-respect, as well as forfeit all respect from others, as to withhold his contribution at this critical moment, with a hope of speculating hereafter on the stock constituted by the comparative inability of others, we will not be influenced by such examples; but will freely accord to such the sympathy of our pity, that one should be found who is thus willing to declare, that to share with others, though in a higher degree than others, in the advantage of a great public enterprise, is not sufficient, but prefers the hope that the less able will do the work for him, and without him; and that some, (however good the stock may prove,) whose public spirit may carry them beyond their means of prompt payment, may thus hereafter become his prey. But we will believe in no such exhibition of humanity among us, but are ready

and eager to do our part, with those who will aid; following the great in capital, when they set a worthy example, and disregarding the *great little*, if any such appear. Once more, then, we say, we are ready.

A CITIZEN.

The meeting was then addressed successively by Charles Holden, Esq., John Neal, Esq., (who infuses life into everything) and Messrs. John B. Brown and Abner Shaw, each in his characteristic manner, filling a place not so fully occupied by his predecessor.

In the course of the meeting it was announced that the Committee would take \$100,000 of the stock, probably to be increased hereafter.

Thus, as a city, are we progressing toward our great object, maintaining, as we hope, the confidence with which we have hitherto been honored by our friends in Canada.

To individual speakers, and the points they respectively presented, we have not time in a particular manner, to do justice, and close with remarking that our progress is onward and upward, as with the blessing of Providence it will be, till its full accomplishment.

Henry H. Boody, Chairman.

HENRY GODDARD, Secretary.

MISSIONARY HYMN,

WRITTEN 1846.

On receipt of news that the Emperor of China had recommended to his subjects the New Testament as a book of pure moral sentiments. The interest increases, now that we hear in 1866 that our Missionaries are welcomed throughout that vast Empire.

While Science advancing, its banner unfurls—
To systems of Newton, adds thousands of worlds—
While Arts and Philosophy speed in the race,
And Steam and the Magnet annihilate space,—

While Nature and Matter lie open to Mind,
Is the standard of Jesus to linger behind?
To which, as the clouds and the doves wing their way,
A nation of islands is born in a day.

Forgive us, great God, that thy servants still sleep, When the soul-stirring news echoes back to the deep, That an Empire of Heathen,—one-third of mankindTh'ingenious—the learned—the proud—the refined— The ranks of Confucius—the aged—the youth, Their Monarch invites to the Volume of Truth.

Arouse then to action—bid farewell to slumber—
The morn of salvation has dawned on the East!
Renounce self-indulgence, and gird on your armor,
Ere stones become soldiers to conquer the Beast!

When Simeon and Anm rejoiced beyond measure,They saw in far prospect the scenes of this day:To us is reserved that fruition of pleasure,The taking possession where Christ leads the way.

The wise men—the shepherds—who lived at His coming,

In concert with angels sang praise at his birth:

More blessed, we hear of that Peace wide-extending—

That good will to men, circumscribing the earth!

LINES

SUGGESTED AS THE POSSIBLE STRAIN OF THE LORD'S HYMN, SUNG WHEN IN NEAR VIEW OF THE CRU-

"And when they had sung an Hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives."

Who, among true believers, has not felt a desire to know what were the precise thoughts and expression of that farewell hymn, sung by our Saviour with his disciples?

As simplicity of thought and language marked all His communications to mankind, may not its strain have been somewhat as follows:—

As God's Eternal Son,

I left my Father's throne,
Incarnate on the earth,

To make my kingdom known.

Though ushered by a star,

And hailed by angel bands,—

My mission is denied By men of unclean hands.

Unholiness disowned—
Self-righteousness professed—
My sacrifice they spurn;
My peace, and joy, and rest.

You only, as my friends,
My Gospel to proclaim,
I clothe with power to teach,
And suffer for my name.

To heal, and cure, and raise to life,

My further power I lend,—

And send you forth as lights on earth,

Henceforward to the end.

Translated then to heavenly thrones,—
Exalted high with trust,—
Each shall a tribe of Israel judge,
With wisdom to be just.

When on my cross, a two-fold sign, Recorded shall endure: The darkened sun,—the temple rent,—Will seal my promise sure.

Entombed, I soon shall leave my tomb,

And gladden thrice your lonely hours:
Then full in your enraptured view,

Ascend to Abraham's God, and ours.

To meet and part, is life below:

Earth has no bliss without alloy:
But we shall meet in realms above,
Of changeless, pure, eestatic joy.

Meanwhile, with sound of rushing wind,
The Holy Spirit from above,
Will soon the gift of Tongues impart,
World-wide to spread Redeeming love.

THE MECHANICS OF PORTLAND.

WRITTEN IN 1864.

It is pleasant to write anything descriptive of a large class in society, when truth will permit one to do so in terms of praise. Such a subject is presented at the head of this communication.

In 1820, when the writer transferred his residence to this city, and for a period after, he saw nothing to distinguish this useful and indispensable portion of our community from the same class in other towns and cities—but it is far otherwise now.

During the past thirty years, or more, by aid of Associations, such as Debating Clubs, well sustained, and a library, long since commenced, and ever since enlarging, and now in 1864 numbering 3,000 volumes, they have at once awakened and gratified a thirst for

scientific and literary attainments. To these has been added an enterprising public spirit, prompting in 1857, the purchase of an ample lot of land, in a central situation, one of the best locations in the city, on which in 1858, they erected a spacious stone structure, which is an ornament to Portland. The edifice furnishes, in addition to needed rooms in a lofty second story, a hall of dimensions sufficient to seat an andience of 1200; where weekly lectures by competent speakers are constantly supplied. I think it is not extravagant to say, that in all these particulars, as a body of self-educated citizens, the Portland mechanics are in advance of those of any other of our cities of equal population.

Their hall will remain a standing monument of the combined wisdom, industry, and enterprising spirit of the builders.

A LOVER'S POEM.

Having been requested by an adult grandson to make the two quoted stanzas the nucleus of a more extended description, I have done so in the eight accompanying verses.

"The maid I love has violet eyes,
And rose-leaf lips of red—
She wears the moonshine round her neck,
The sunshine round her head."

Her cheeks combine the morning glow.

With evening's rosy hue—

Her forehead speaks of Alpine heights.

Whose mantle is the snow.

Complexion, nose, and ear, and brow.
Her neck, and form, and hair,
Are such as fancy may conceive,
But pen may not declare.

By one trait more will I describe
The maiden of my choice—
No harp, Æolian, e'er excelled
The music of of her voice.

While all unskilled in toilet lore,One borrowed term I'll dare:A flowery wreath adorns her brow.Culled from the wide parterre.

"And she is rich in every grace,

And poor in every guile—

And crowned kings might envy me

The splendor of her smile."

But were there naught but youth and grace
To form my fair one's dower,
The speed of time would soon dispel
Their fascinating power.

Hers is the grace of heaven-born truth—
(Not that alone that fades with youth;)
The pearl that glows with purest light,
When darkest frowns affliction's night.

Philosophers' once fabled stone,
Of gold-transmuting power,
She never found—but in its stead
A white stone, once in Patmos given,
Certificate of wealth in heaven,
She early made her own:

Prompting the thought my fears would spare;
That when she leaves her house of clay
For mansions in eternal day,
Shall I c'er meet her there?

A WORD FROM THE AGED

TO THE PRESENT RULING PARTY IN THE LAND.

Republicans must be united on the fundamental principles of a Republican Government.

Equal and impartial suffrage for all; without regard to race or color.

Any plans of expediency or compromise which conflict with the eternal principles of equity and truth, will end in their defeat.

*Corruption, with slavery, must be purged from our roll:—

No voice, but for freedom, be heard at our polls.

Then with propriety we may quote the closing lines of Dwight's Ode to his Country, written when chaplain in the war of the revolution.

On freedom's broad basis our empire shall rise,— Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

^{*} Corruption from our Halls of Legislation.







